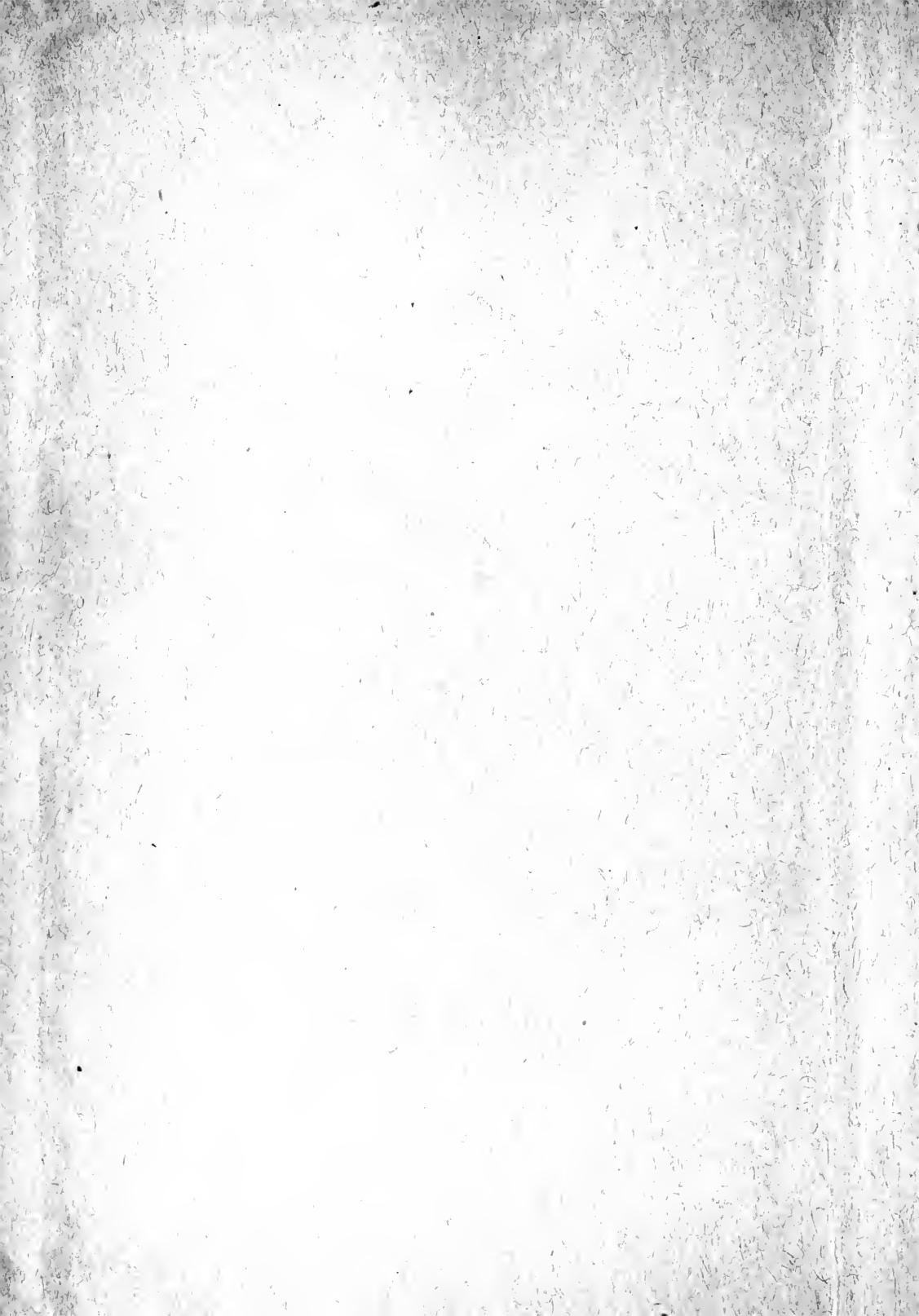


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WILLIAM HOTHERSALL GARDAM

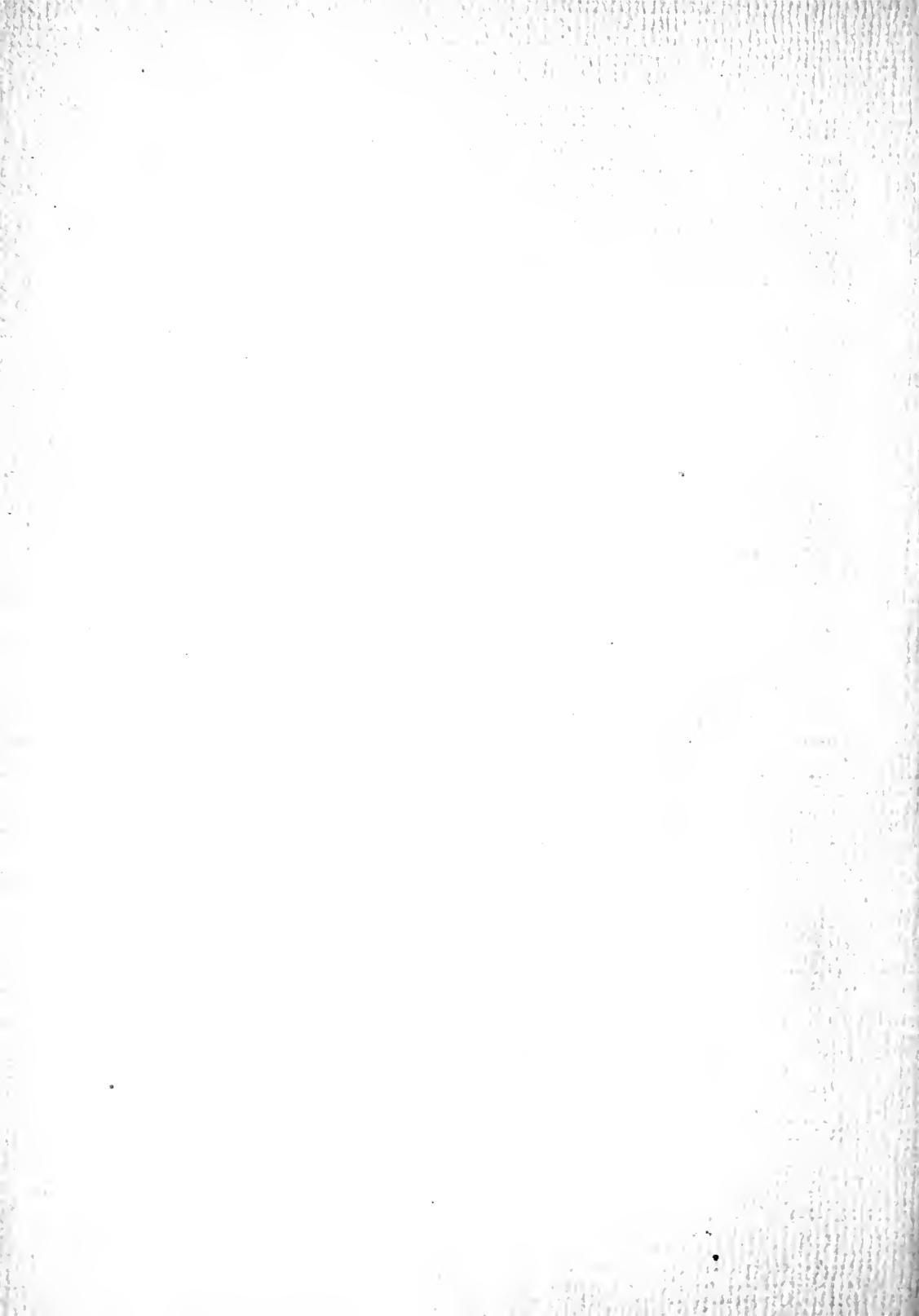
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William Hothersall Gardam

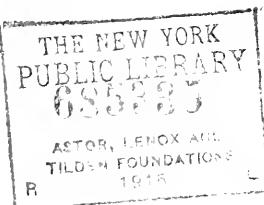
The Beloved Rector of St. Luke's Church

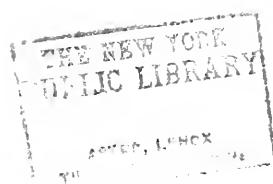
Ypsilanti, Michigan

1896-1914

This book has been gathered together and is published by the Vestry of St. Luke's Church in affectionate memory of their late Rector, the Reverend William Hothersall Gardam, D. D.

ALICE V. W.
MURRAY
WILLIAMS







Dr. Gardam's Last Message

Written during his illness and read by Dr. Maxon
at his burial

Words of Occasion

The text from which Dr. Gardam preached his first sermon in St. Luke's Church, Ypsilanti, December, 1896:

"I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

From notes written in May, 1913:

"I have now been seventeen and a half years in St. Luke's, Ypsilanti, and no priest ever had a more loyal people. In my great sorrow they have grown very close to my heart."

"I desire to acknowledge in these notes my great gratitude to the entire vestry, parish and community, for evidence and proofs of their generous friendship, which I shall carry in my heart forever."

From a sermon preached Easter, 1913:

"So, my dear people, in this great festival of hope, celebrating our Lord's own vindication of the permanence of the ever enlarging and creative life of man, celebrating the immortal attributes of personality, we can say that nothing belonging to personality dies; personality goes on and knows no finality. The resurrection of Christ is but God's objective because faith needed that the *process of life and death and resurrection should be revealed*. He surrendered to the law of death and the resurrection became the demonstration of faith that there is no death."

From the last sermon preached by Dr. Gardam in St. Luke's Church, Whitsunday, 1914:

"We must put on Christ and exhibit Him so that we shall compel men to take knowledge of us that we have been with JESUS."

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"I desire to say that I have lived and ministered and I shall die in
the Faith of the Church."---Dr. Gardam.

The last few months of Dr. Gardam's beautiful life were as consistent as his entire life had been,—gentle, dignified, calm, brave, knowing full well its uncertainty. During the long months of painful illness, he made supreme effort for the sake of others to be uncomplaining and to do for those about him, in the same helpful way which had been his life's habit. With a gentle apology to them who would gladly do for him, he never omitted the courtesy of appreciation.

His last entry in the Parish Register, less than two weeks before his death, is that of the burial of one whom he respected and loved. As he said this burial service, his voice rang out with the triumphant hope of the Church's office for the dead.

On September 24th, he was present at the first meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary for the fall of 1914, opening the meeting with prayer and hopefully making plans for the year's work. That same afternoon he made a call on another parishioner who was very ill and whose death occurred a week later.

The afternoon of the next day, Dr. Gardam went to Atlantic City, hoping the sea air would be beneficial. He seemed very well for a few days, greatly enjoying the change and happy in the thought that he was improving and would soon be able to minister to his people.

On Wednesday; September 30th, he went to a Peace Service at St. James' Church, Atlantic City. He was much concerned about the unhappy war of today, and expressed great pleasure in this short service of prayer for the peace of the world, which he so earnestly desired.

In the afternoon Dr. Gardam was not quite as well—by

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evening he was suffering great pain, which lasted for many hours. During all this time no word of complaint or dread of the inevitable was said. Appreciation and gratitude to those about him, he frequently expressed.

When the Rector of St. James' Church, the Rev. William W. Blatchford, came to see him the next morning, he was welcomed with a courteous greeting, and although Dr. Gardam was nearly unconscious, he rallied and said, "It is very good of you to come so soon." In a few moments the end was near, and Mr. Blatchford said the prayers for the dying. That night his body was taken to St. James' Church, where it rested before the Altar. In the morning the Rector held a service of the Holy Communion.

The next day the Rector of St. Luke's was among his own sorrowing people. He was taken at once to the church, and until Monday he lay before the Altar he had loved and served so well. On Sunday many came to look upon the face of him whom they loved and who loved them. Often during the day were heard the sorrowing words, "I have lost my best friend."

During the summer months when Dr. Gardam was very ill, the church-bells on Sunday would, as he often said, "cut deeply into his heart;" his frequent question was, "When shall I be in my place again on Sunday morning?" It was beautifully fitting, on Peace Sunday, as the church-bells were ringing, that the beloved Rector should be in his place in the Chancel of St. Luke's Church. It was indeed Peace Sunday.

—L. G. S.

The Burial of the Rev. William Hothersall Gardam, D. D.

The Burial Service of William Hothersall Gardam in St. Luke's Church, on Monday, October 5th, at two o'clock, was beautiful and impressive. The church was thronged with loving parishioners, official friends of many organizations, and the community at large.

The Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. Charles D. Williams, D. D., the Rev. W. D. Maxon, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Detroit, and the Rev. C. H. I. Channer, D. D., of Adrian, Dean of the Convocation, officiated. The sentences were read and the Benediction pronounced by the Bishop, the lesson was read by Dr. Channer; the prayers said and the message left by Dr. Gardam to his people read by Dr. Maxon.

The vested choir sang the Burial Chant and Hymns 121, "The Strife is O'er," 404, "I heard the sound of voices," and 176, "For all the Saints who from their labors rest." Dr. Maxon read the Committal at the grave in Highland Cemetery, surrounded by intimate friends of Dr. Gardam among the diocesan clergy and the parish.

The Memorial Service in St. Luke's Church.

On Sunday, October 11th, a Memorial Service was held in St. Luke's Church, at which the Rev. Dr. Maxon preached the sermon from the text, "In thy light shall we see light." It expressed not only affection for and appreciation of Dr. Gardam, but was a ringing and inspiring presenting of our common hope and faith in Immortality.

The signally appropriate Psalms and Lessons selected were: Psalms 15th and 112th; First Lesson, Wisdom III:3; Second Lesson, I Peter I:3-25.

William Hothersall Gardam

THE death of the Rector of St. Luke's Church, Ypsilanti, diocese of Michigan, has removed from the counsels and work of the Church a personality excellently endowed with Christian wisdom and devotion. The end came peacefully on October 1st, at Atlantic City, where shortly before, he had gone in quest of renewed health. His last hours were ministered unto by the Rector of St. James' Church, Atlantic City. On Sunday, October 4th, the body reposed within the Choir of St. Luke's Church, Ypsilanti, and throughout the day was viewed by a multitude of parishioners and citizens, old and young. The Monday afternoon following, the Burial Office was said in the Church, which was filled to its capacity. Besides the Bishop and clergy of the diocese, the ministers of the various Christian bodies of the city, representatives of the State Normal College, the Knights Templar and other organizations, civic and social, joined with the sorrow-stricken parishioners in tribute to the beloved Rector, who was also a chief citizen and a universal friend. An especially impressive feature of the service was the reading, by one of the officiating clergy, of the last message of Dr. Gardam to his people.

The truth and spirit of this message are characteristic of Dr. Gardam's ministry both in Ypsilanti, which he served nearly nineteen years, and in Faribault, where he was Dean of the Cathedral, 1887-1896. Unwaveringly loyal to his faith as a churchman, and giving always his best with rare devotion to his own parishioners, he was also effectively sympathetic toward Christians of whatever name. A leader for unity among the various Christian bodies of Ypsilanti, he well deserved the title of Parish Priest of the Town.

But his interests were extensive. By the faculty, teach-

ers and students of the State Normal College he was appreciated as a wise counsellor; with the literary, artistic and social life of the community he was in familiar touch; he took a leading place in all movements of civic improvement; of wide reading in theology, history and politics, and possessing an excellent literary skill, he was for many years a welcomed contributor to the metropolitan religious and secular press. He was President of the Standing Committee in the diocese of Michigan for several years, serving as such till his death. He was deputy to the General Convention in 1895, 1904 and 1910.

Born and educated in England, yet, on casting his lot in 1880 with the Church in America, he developed the keenest appreciation of American ideals, adapting himself genuinely to conditions in the new world, while always holding in reverent loyalty the traditions of culture and control derived from his older ancestral home.

But beyond all these interests and expressions of his thoughts and activities, Dr. Gardam's supreme and most effective power was the exquisite refinement and charm of his personality. It was as genuine as the goodness of his heart. By it he made and held a host of personal friends, and won and kept the love of his parishioners. His courtesy to all people was spiritually connected with his vital faith in the Incarnation, and came forth as a surpassing Fruit of the Spirit. Old and young, men and women alike, coming under its influence, were the better and finer for it.

In 1882 Dr. Gardam was united in marriage to Miss Mary Chase Smith, great grand-daughter of Bishop Philander Chase, a woman of rare culture and charm, a true help-meet to her husband in every interest of church, artistic and social life, whose death in 1912 severed the earthly bond of an ideal wedlock.

As on that fair October afternoon, his friends among the

clergy, his parishioners and fellow-citizens stood by the open grave in Highland Cemetery, Ypsilanti, and heard the last solemn words of the Church's confidence in Eternal Life, all felt how necessarily true they were concerning the life and services of William Hothersall Gardam. Loving pastor, faithful priest, loyal friend, wise counsellor, lover of truth, lover of hospitality, who, being humble before God was exalted in the confidence and affection of men, and who, in all relationships of his ministry, lived and served as a Christian gentleman.

By the Rev. W. D. Maxon, D. D.,
in *The Living Church*.

In thy light shall we see light.—Psalm 36:9.

William Hothersall Gardam

October 1st, 1914

A sermon preached by the Rev. W. D. Maxon, D. D., in St. Luke's Church, Ypsilanti, on the Sunday following Dr. Cardam's burial, 18th Sunday after Trinity, October 11, 1914

"In thy light shall we see light"

THE test of religious faith is its ability to enable man to see in the darkness. "Faith is the giving substance to things hoped for, the proving of things not seen."

The Psalmist, whose words I have read, was oppressed by the dark things in his experience, until he looked to God as the eternal source of life and goodness. Then his darkness became transfused with "the Light that never was on land or sea," but is in and of God, who is Light, in whom is no darkness at all.

Man solves nothing finally, apart from his confidence in God. To deny God in the darkness is to make confusion worse confounded. Still to see, while yet the eye is blind, is the highest efficiency of a vital religious faith. God is his own interpreter within the believing soul. "In thy Light, O God, we see light." Truth is of Thee. Seeing truth, we see Thee. Goodness is of Thee. Seeing goodness, we see Thee. Mercy and loving kindness are of Thee. Seeing mercy and loving kindness, we see Thee. As the stream rises to its spring, so light in man leads to Thee, O Thou Living Fount of Light. In the Christ, God Incarnate, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, light in man is seen at its meridian splendor. We who know and serve Christ, see God in the fullness it is permitted man to see Him; even as He said "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In thy light, O Christ, in spite of all earth-born shadows, we see the Light of Life that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Such, my dear friends of St. Luke's Church, are my cherished convictions and hopes, as we meet in memory of the beloved Rector of this parish, who, though departed in body, still rules here by the influence of his life and works. You,

and I may say, I with you, have been overshadowed by his death. But the light in him was of God, and with all reverent confidence we may say, in the light of his Christian life and ministry we have seen the light that shall not fail—truth spoken by him in sincerity and love, God interpreted by his personal union with Christ, faith tested and proved by his good works, courtesy and cheer radiated out of a pure heart overflowing with love to God and fellow-man.

For almost nineteen years he served this parish, and the fruit of that long and well-tried ministry was seen in the universal tribute of sorrowing affection rendered to him last Monday. It is the end that tests and crowns the work. During those many years, doubtless there were occasions of difference and mistaking. Such are bound to be in the difficult task of ministering Christian truth and duty to varying minds and necessities. A parish is an organism of extreme complexity and most delicately sensitive to adjustments. What man is wholly sufficient unto it? But you know that in all he said and served, he was both unflinchingly true to his convictions and unfailingly loving in his purposes. He was as forward to acknowledge his wrong, as he was courageous to affirm his right. So he justly won and retained equal share in your affection and respect.

In his short but illuminating message to you, read at the Burial Service, he first referred to his dual ministry in England and America, and testified to the more interesting character of his longer service in this country. Coming to America in 1880, and to Ypsilanti in 1896, his work in this parish and community embraced the greater part of his American ministry. I am sure he found interesting work wherever he served, whether in the smaller parishes of Wisconsin or in the Cathedral parish of Faribault; for the vital and unfailing interest of his life flowed from his consecration to God and to humanity. Still, it must be a matter of satisfaction and gratitude for you

to recall from his words, that the greater part of his interesting American ministry was in this parish of St. Luke's and in this community of Ypsilanti.

Here he came, in his early prime, to give the strong convictions of his faith and the ripeness of his culture to those who called and loved him as Rector, and to that larger community which called and appreciated him as friend. It was a ministry of intensiveness to the parish and of extensiveness to the community, such as only an amply endowed, well rounded Christian minister can render.

I like to think of him as an Englishman who, without subverting his sense of English lineage and training, knew how and rejoiced to be a good American clergyman and citizen. It was his adaptability, as sensible as it was serviceable. He strove rather to satisfy the claims of the best American ideals than to force the issue of an unseasonable Anglicanism. He venerated traditions indeed, yet only those which had endured the test of the larger human experience, for chiefly he reverenced life wherever it was genuinely seeking to realize Christian ideals.

You know his theology as explicitly declared in his last message and so often expounded in his parochial sermons and instructions, and so amply illustrated by the fullness of his life and ministry. You recall from that message the three dominating principles of his theological convictions and teachings, viz., "the Fatherhood of God, the Supremacy and Brotherhood of Jesus Christ, God of God, Light of Light, and the Universal Brotherhood of Man, irrespective of color or race or clime."

Here are principles that are at the root and spring of Christian idealism and practical living. Principles necessarily are deep and broad, soundly rooted, yet so alive as to pervade and encompass all needs and conditions which may be affected for good by their operation. When we speak of

Christian principles, we really mean vital terms of Christian theology; and such vitalized theology your Rector firmly held and effectively taught. Such theology, rooted in the Incarnate Christ, could not be petrified into dead dogmatism. It lived and moved and had its being in the Being and Love of the Eternal Father of all humanity. It was inevitably deep and broad and comprehensive. It sought to infuse light into whatever darkness. For little children it took the form of simple concrete lessons; for men and women it was presented as the profound philosophy of high thinking and noble living. It was expressed in terms of scripture, philosophy, history and modern thought, in language of clear and cultured felicity. It applied the Incarnation to the individual man that he might rise out of his sin to his higher manhood in Christ; while also it interpreted the Incarnation as the infused power of God to regenerate human society in all its activities and relationships.

In respect to these larger applications of the Incarnation, your Rector, with his extensive reading of history and careful study of modern civic, educational and social problems, had an influence beyond the immediate limits of the parish. He was a community power, concerned and active in the public welfare, and a welcomed contributor to the religious and secular press, both locally and at large. It was along this line of the larger application of the Incarnation that, with conviction firm, mind open and spirit free, he was an exponent and exemplar of Christian unity and fellowship among the followers of Christ of whatever name. Firm indeed in his own conviction, he was the soul of loyalty to his own Creed and Church. But through his pure vision of the Christ of Brotherhood, he saw into the hearts of those who externally differed from him, and found that in spirit and life they too were of the Church.

He respected all Christian ministers of this place as

brothers and friends in Christ. They responded to his voice of comradeship, and returned the warm clasp of his fellowship. Those monthly morning clerical meetings no doubt solved some problems of Christian unity which more pretentious platforms and elaborated theories cannot do, or, as a rule, have not done. The way to unite Christians is for Christians to unite. The problem is solved by solving it. Though for any cause the windows of a house are barred, yet, if the door is opened, the light will come in. So often, particular pet theories in religion are as barred windows. But the spirit of hospitality and fellowship is as the open door for the coming in of the Light of Life. Your Rector, in his theology of Oneness through the Christ of Brotherhood, both kept his windows clear and also himself stood at the open door. The dignity and wholesomeness of the Christianity of Ypsilanti is enhanced because of him.

But I turn from these principles of his larger thinking and action to the more intimate things of personality and character. Here indeed yourselves individually knew and cherished him best. Steadfastly through the years, he bore you in his heart to the Footstool of God's sheltering and providing grace. In the years of his more vigorous health he gave you his best, and in the days of his failing strength he still heroically strove to be and to do for you all that he could. Faithful always in life, and even unto death still faithful, he merited well both the crown of affection which your grateful hearts bestowed upon him, and also, we trust, that other crown of righteousness "which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to him at that day."

Through all the intimate relationships of his life and ministry what rare grace and charm of personality he bore! To all who were privileged to know him, he revealed, as the flower its perfume, the grace and flavor of a *gentle* man. His courtesy to all people was not merely the convention of ele-

gant speech and gracious manner. It was the true outflowing of the genuine goodness of his heart, instinctively fulfilling itself in the seasonable word and the admirable, winsome form. Spiritually connected with his vital faith in the Incarnation which in God has respect unto all men, his Christian courtesy was manifested to all, in home, in parish, in diocese, in society—to all sorts and conditions af men, as a sound and ripened fruit of the Spirit. Looking ever unto God through Christ, his face was lightened and he radiated cheer. Seeing in all men the image of God, however scarred with sin or seared with trouble, he strove to brighten and beautify it with his loving kindness. You in this parish, old and young, need not that I should testify to this grace that was in him. You know it more and better than I can tell you. It is in your inmost lives today, and in the final great day of God it will witness for good both unto him and unto you.

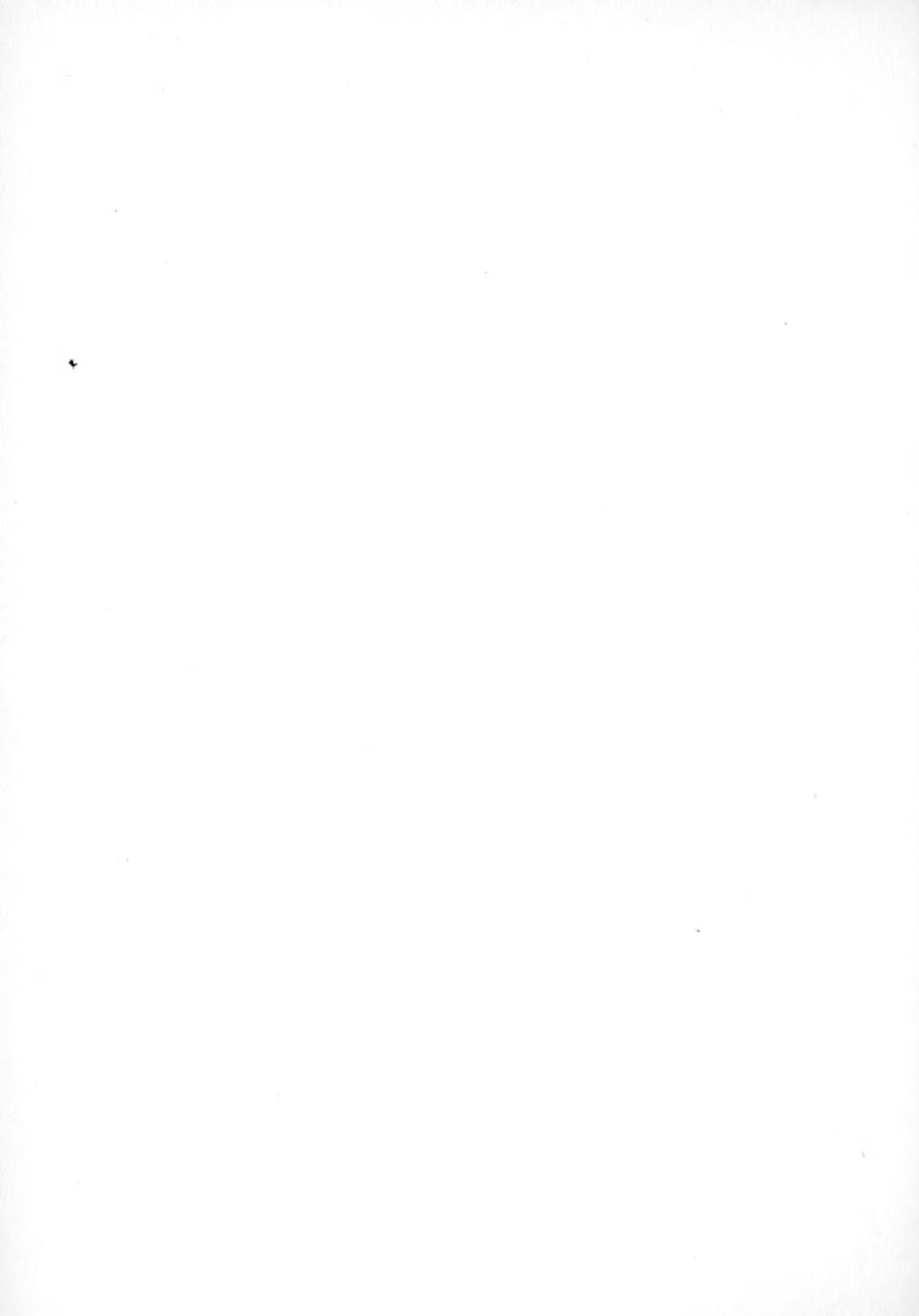
Of that other most intimate of all human relationships, which also he shared with you, I may venture but a single word. For thirty years in holy wedlock he lived with one who was a most true and fit help-meet. She was at one with him in all the interests and concerns of his life and ministry; and for all she was to him and, with him, to this parish and community, her name and influence will not be forgotten. When two years ago the separation came, it not only severed the earthly tie of an ideal wedded life, but it took from him the nearest and strongest human support of his ministry. When that light of his life went out, his own earthly course was accelerated to its closing. But still with faith and courage he pushed on, while neither God nor earthly friends failed him.

Peacefully at last the end came, even when, hoping against hope, he was planning the renewal of his parish work. He had finished his course, he had kept the Faith, and God's

reward of enduring life was his. As on that bright October day we stood by the open grave in yonder cemetery and heard the last solemn gracious words of the Church's confidence in Eternal Life, we all felt how necessarily true and sure they were concerning him whom with grateful praise we memorialize today, and who will live in our lives forevermore.

Devoted pastor, faithful priest, loyal friend, lover of truth, lover of hospitality, who, being humble before God, was exalted in the confidence and affection of men, and who, in all the relationships of his ministry, lived and served as a Christian gentleman!

O God, Light of Light, grant unto him Eternal Rest, and let Light Perpetual shine upon him!



The Union Memorial Service

At the Methodist Church, Ypsilanti, October the 18th.
St. Luke's Day



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**Union Memorial Service at the Methodist Church, Ypsilanti,
October 18th---St. Luke's Day.**

That all the community might be able to honor the memory of Dr. Gardam, the ministers of Ypsilanti arranged a Union Memorial Service in the Methodist Church, the largest in the town. It was a dignified, significant and beautiful example of Christian Unity, expressing a common sorrow and witnessing to our common faith in Immortality.

Appropriate hymns and chants were sung by a choir composed of members of all city churches. The Rev. Edwin M. Mulock Pastor of the Presbyterian Church offered prayers and the lesson was read by the Rev. M. H. Pettit, of the Baptist Church. The Rev. Dr. H. Addis Leeson, of the Methodist church presided and in his introduction paid this tribute to Dr. Gardam:

"My friends, we have come together tonight to share in a very tender task and precious privilege. One whom we all loved and honored is not, for God has taken him. And it is ours tonight in this general memorial service to seek to make more clearly audible and abiding that voice which speaks to us still but which is not heard by our physical sense. From the living epistle of life we shall choose our text tonight and find our inspiration. We feel strangely sad and bereft as we think of the vacant place in so many realms of our community life, but that sadness is mingled with a deep and settled joy as we recall the record and triumph of this noble and good life. Dr. Gardam's life was many-sided. Each well cut facet reflected a pure and rich radiance of its own. And through the eyes of these intimate friends and associates of his, we are to look tonight at the beauty and wealth of his life from various angles. Nineteen fruitful faithful years lie in perspective behind us and their ministry and meaning reach on into unnumbered years yet to come."

The speakers were Prof. Arbaugh, Dr. Strong, Prof. Roberts, Dr. Jones, Rev. O. Lloyd Morris, and Bishop Williams.

Dr. Gardam, the Public-Spirited Citizen

Professor W. B. Arbaugh
Superintendent of the Public Schools of Ypsilanti

Dr. Gardam, the Public-Spirited Citizen

ON occasions like this, words seem inadequate to convey the thoughts one would express. Hence, I should greatly prefer sitting among you as a listener to those who are here present to pay their tributes of affection and respect to our late friend. However, I should be untrue did I fail to take the opportunity so graciously presented, not merely of expressing publicly my appreciation of one of my life's most valued friendships, but of paying my humble tribute as well to one who, by the manner of his life and work, has made for all time richer and more wholesome our community life.

Dr. Gardam, the public-spirited citizen. In these days when intense partisanship and loud proclamations of interest in the common weal are not unseldom taken as a measure of public-spirit, rather than of self-interest, the unassuming manner and quiet steadfastness of men like Dr. Gardam are too often overlooked and, perhaps, misunderstood. But those who knew intimately and understood the man in whose memory we are assembled this evening have no doubt as, to his sincere interest in every cause that had as its object social progress or individual good. Of Dr. Gardam the words of the Latin poet, "I am a man; nothing human is foreign to me," may well be spoken. Only those who came in close contact with him in projects for community good, or who may have been privileged with his friendship, or who listened from the pew to his words, understood his many-sided interest in the affairs of the world. But his interest was deep, and dealt not so much with externalities and the material aspect of movements as with what they held in prospect for human good.

Let me be pardoned for the personal element which I introduce here. In the work which I have the honor to repre-

sent, his interest was not only sincere but intelligent. He had always some kindly inquiry to make, or some worthy reflection to offer, while his gracious presence always gave interest and inspiration to our school assembly, which he occasionally attended. As an illustration of this interest, I can refer to the message which he sent to our class of graduates last June. It will be remembered that Dr. Gardam was to preach the commencement sermon, but was unable to do so on account of illness, which had even then overtaken him. The message read at the service follows:

"Dr. Gardam regrets exceedingly his inability to take his place in this commencement service.

"He sends his greetings to the class and his congratulations and his most hearty, loving wishes for a future for each member of the class that shall be full of rich experiences, usefulness and a large measure of truest success."

I doubt not that there are very many others present who are able to bear witness to similar manifestations of intelligent interest and concern on his part.

There was no place in Dr. Gardam's nature for bigotry or bitter partisanship. By birth and training he was incapable of the feelings that engender strife, and, true scholar and Christian gentleman that he was, his was ever the attitude of suspended judgment. The regard which he had for the sacredness of the church and the high estimate he held of his ambassadorship therein, made him ever hesitate to take sides openly, where there might remain any reasonable ground for difference of opinion. Yet no one ever doubted the seriousness with which he entertained the great questions and vital issues of community or state, or the depth of conviction in which he finally acted.

In no way, perhaps, was his broad-minded nature and his genuine patriotism more clearly shown, than in the attitude which he always maintained both toward the land of his birth

and toward his adopted country. While he held in reverent affection the former, he was no less loyal and affectionate toward the latter, and he counted it a privilege to have a heritage of ideals from both. But to the land of his adoption he gave his citizenship in order that he might lose no opportunity to serve her and the ideals for which she stood. He believed in democracy, and rejoiced in its progress throughout the world, thus showing his belief in a citizenship that knew no bounds. Similarly, while he had been a citizen of other communities before casting in his lot with this, as a public-spirited citizen he transferred his interest and allegiance to us, and for us he labored during perhaps the most fruitful years of his life.

I need not dwell on the various interests and enterprises for which Dr. Gardam worked. His counsel and judgment will be missed by his co-workers in many fields, and his kindly interest in, and sympathy with, those he met from day to day remain now only as a memory and benediction. From all of us whom his gracious life and example touched as he passed on his way there should be tonight a new consecration to the work or ministry to which we have been called. Thus can we, to paraphrase the words of the poet, rear to him "a memorial more enduring than bronze, and loftier than the regal pyramids, which neither the corroding shower nor the powerful north wind can destroy; no, not even the unending years nor the flight of time itself, and he shall not entirely die."

Dr. Gardam as a Scholar

Professor E. A. Strong
Michigan State Normal College

Dr. Gardam as a Scholar

I WOULD begin by thanking Mr. Leeson for this opportunity to say a word in memory of a dear friend of many years.

It has fallen to my lot recently to have occasion to glance over a magazine article entitled, "Has Christianity Failed?" I suppose the proper answer to such a question is: No one can know: it has never been completely tried. At least I have never tried it completely and continually. Have you? Or do you know any community or nation which has? Now to-night we are venturing to try one little bit of Christian doctrine—Christian unity. We are met here with one accord, in one place, to realize, in outward seeming at least, and I do not doubt also in inner feeling, the prayer of Christ: That ye may be one. I have never lived in a place in which Christian unity was better exemplified than in this town. Many good men have wrought to this end, but no one more earnestly and consistently than the one whom we mourn to-night. It was one of his most characteristic contributions to the life of this community.

But I am to say a word concerning Dean Gardam as a scholar. Now no one supposes that Mr. Leeson asked me to speak on this head because he thought I had any special equipment for discerning great original scholarship—scholarship from the source—scholarship of the document. He used the word, as we all do, in the sense of a scholarly knowledge of the past and of the great modern world of books and of men. In this sense Dr. Gardam was an unusually alert, accurate and competent scholar.

Soon after Dr. Gardam came here I received a letter from a college classmate, Rev. James Dobbin, D. D., of Faribault,



Minn., concerning the new rector of St. Luke's. Doctor Dobbin spoke with great enthusiasm of our new neighbor, as a man, a churchman and a gentleman; but he emphasized especially "his high and fine scholarship." No words could more happily describe his large and varied learning. In English history, and especially English church history, his reading seemed to me far beyond the ordinary; while at the same time his eminent fairness and ability to see both sides of every question were equally conspicuous. He belonged by nature and training in the humanistic camp, and yet his reading in science was considerable, and admirably chosen. He knew the results of scientific investigation in its more important lines, and had enormous interest in the applications of science to the welfare and progress of the race.

I was especially interested in his thorough knowledge—English as he was by birth and breeding—of our own polity and history. He loved England deeply and passionately, and yet he was a thoroughly persuaded American. Indeed I never knew a man who seemed to me more deeply convinced of the substantial truth and justice of the great tenets of our national faith. And in minor points of recent American history I found that he was often able to set me right upon subjects which had been, with me, both matters of reading and experience.

He was a great lover of good books; instinctively sought out the best book on any subject; soon wrung the heart out of it, and made it a part of his great store of learning. In his kindness he often loaned me books or commended some book to me, and I was never disappointed in one which he approved.

But the best thing to say about his scholarship is that he made no point of it—indeed, that he was himself unaware of it. This, I think, came partly from the fact that he was brought up among scholars and in a scholarly atmosphere. I

remember calling upon him one evening when he read to me a letter received that day from Arthur Benson, the English essayist. As he spoke of the elder Benson and the "Benson boys" and others who had formed his circle in the old Lincoln days, I could not help seeing against what a background of wide reading and high thinking his whole early experience was projected. And then, although not himself a great original scholar, he had a large acquaintance with great original scholars, and nothing is better calculated to give humility to one who has himself the instinct of scholarship. And, finally, he did actually place saintliness and devotion above scholarship. No wonder his learning was carried lightly and unobtrusively.

No, it was not mainly as a scholar that we knew him; nor even as a churchman, though he was a great churchman; nor as a preacher, although he was an able preacher; but rather as a gentleman; as a Christian; as a friend; as a man. I counted that day a bright one on which I met him. Whenever I saw him on the street I quickened my pace that I might have speech with him. How we all loved him! How truly we mourn him tonight! How we will miss him!

Br. Gardam as Pastor and Friend

Professor D. H. Roberts
Michigan State Normal College

Dr. Gardam as Pastor and Friend

ALTHOUGH I may express myself very feebly, yet I consider it a great honor and privilege to add my few words in appreciation of the work of Dr. Gardam as pastor and friend. This large audience in itself is an expression and evidence of the great number of friends which he had in the community. It has always seemed to me that friendships constitute one of the most valuable gifts to man. Picture, if you can, the person without friends, and you will see one of the most forlorn individuals in the world; one who, apparently has little to live for, other than mere existence. Friendship is indispensable to happiness and is decidedly unselfish in its origin.

It is undoubtedly true that the same qualities which distinguish the ideal pastor, also are the essential elements of friendship, and I shall speak briefly of a few of these special virtues possessed in large measure by Dr. Gardam.

According to Emerson, kindness is perhaps the most fundamental characteristic of true friendship, and anyone who has ever known our departed friend will agree with me that this was one of the greatest elements in his character. He was thoughtful of others at all times and in all places. As a sick room visitor, he was most welcome in every household. Perhaps the thing which brought this home to me most forcibly was my own illness about nine years ago. Although not a member of his church, yet seldom a day passed during the four weeks that I was confined to my home that Dr. Gardam did not either call personally or make inquiry by telephone concerning my condition. During this illness, I never had a visitor who brought more sunshine to the home and caused so little disturbance in his comings and goings. He used rare

judgment. He knew just when to come and when to go. Many others could profit by Dr. Gardam's example. Whenever a kind or encouraging word could be spoken for the purpose of helping some faltering individual, Dr. Gardam was the one most likely to say the right thing.

A second characteristic of friendship possessed in large measure by him, was the tenderness and gentleness of his presence upon all occasions. If one were in trouble, Dr. Gardam's kindly sympathy always helped to make the task easier. He refrained on all occasions from hurting other people's feelings; a characteristic possessed by comparatively few people. His gentle manner, his ability to suffer with others in their misfortune and to rejoice with them in their successes, has seldom, if ever, been exemplified to so great an extent in our community.

Magnanimity in his attitude toward other people and the world at large was one of the inspiring elements of Dr. Gardam's nature. No matter upon what point a discussion turned, and no matter which side of the argument he preferred, Dr. Gardam always had the greatest respect for the feelings and opinions of others, although they might be directly opposed to his own belief. He was a man open-minded in every way, who took a frank and loving interest in the affairs of his friends, but never reached the point of idle curiosity.

A fourth and final quality of friendship of which I shall speak, possessed in great measure by our friend, is faithfulness. Although the other things of which I have spoken are essential to the "worth while" friendship, yet it seems to me if this last element is wanting, that the friendship cannot be complete. If ever a man lived in our community who was true to his friends to the last, it was Dr. Gardam. His affectionate nature, his steadfast purpose in life, and his unre-served giving of himself to his friends at all times, undoubt-edly hastened his departure. As pastor to his church and his

people, he performed his duties long after his physical strength had become largely exhausted. Seldom, if ever, has our community had a person in its midst so loyal and faithful to all those things which tend toward the higher planes of living. One of the fundamental principles upon which he based all of his work was his belief in the brotherhood of man, and to the uplifting of humanity he devoted his entire life. I confidently believe that every individual who had the privilege of knowing this Christian gentleman was made a better man through the touch of his gracious personality.

Perhaps the highest tribute we can pay him at the present time is to say that he will be greatly missed in our community, but the influence of his loving and devoted life will leave an impress upon our citizenship which cannot be effaced. As someone has said, "Friendship asks for no rash promise, demands no foolish vows, is strongest in absence and most loyal when needed." All of these qualities of which I have spoken were truly characteristic of our friend, Dr. Gardam, and as one of my colleagues once said, "Everybody loved Dr. Gardam, for Dr. Gardam loved everybody."



Dr. Gardam, the Christian Gentleman

Dr. L. H. Jones

Ex-President of the Michigan State Normal College



Dr. Gardam, the Christian Gentleman

WE who meet here this evening in this memorial service honor ourselves quite as much as we honor him—our distinguished dead—in whose memory we meet.

The topic assigned to me—The Christian Gentleman—needs few words from me at this time. Dr. Gardam *was* its complete exemplification and explanation—he *was* a Christian Gentleman—*Christian Gentleman*, with equal emphasis on both words. I have known people so religious, and religious in such a fashion, that they were disagreeable neighbors. But Dr. Gardam had the rare ability to be a devout Christian in a pleasing and gentlemanly way.

He was rarely endowed for religious work among all classes and conditions of people. He could sit silently with those whose sorrow was too fresh and too deep to permit of spoken sympathy; but he had the rare insight to know the earliest moment at which the word of consolation and helpfulness might be said and the kindly and sympathetic act might be done. And how he gave himself in his ministry! He was recklessly and splendidly unselfish!

I am one of those who believe that all honest work which meets a human need, is worthy work; and that he who does an honest day's work in meeting any real human need, is doing God's work in the world. I believe with George Herbert that

“Who sweeps a room as for God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine.”

But as there are human needs deeper and more significant than others, there are certain forms of service more praiseworthy than others. Spiritual needs are higher than the needs of the body; and ministering to spiritual needs requires

special endowment and training. It was in this higher field of service that Dr. Gardam so zealously employed his rare gifts.

And what a friend he was! Tactful and gracious, he adorned every social circle he ever entered.

I remember yet that when, twelve years ago, I came to live in Ypsilanti, he early met me with that cordial hand-clasp and the tactfully spoken word of wellwishing that have ever since been a source of inspiration. He seemed not alone to note what people are, but also to see the best they could ever be.

But now someone else must come here and take his place and do his work in church and city; but it will be long before anyone can so learn the people of this city, and so win their hearts, as adequately to *fill* his place.

Dr. Gardam and His Fellow Ministers

The Rev. O. Lloyd Morris
Pastor of the Congregational Church, Ypsilanti

Dr. Gardam and His Fellow Ministers

AS a clergyman Dr. Gardam magnified his office, and he did it with such dignity and high purpose, so free from obtrusiveness, that he won respect for himself and the clerical calling. He was a devout, loyal, son of the Church. He believed in his own Church, knew that it was a divine Institution, was eager that its witness might be felt, holding its door ever open for those seeking its ministry and sacraments. In his relation to his fellow ministers he was most cordial, his breadth of outlook and catholicity of spirit making for genuine Christian Unity. In order the more effectively to influence the community life, he organized the Ministers' Union, and from its inception until his death he filled the office of President. His instincts were so sure that he was the leader and guide of his comrades and companions in every good work. By nature he was hospitable, not merely in his own home, but in his mental attitude, in his readiness to welcome new light and truth. He was mentally alert and in touch with the movements and currents of thought in his own day. Most remarkable of all was the man himself, the sum total of his qualities, the impact that he made upon life. His greatest asset was his gentle, gracious, persuasive personality. Virtue went out of him, and like Sir Galahad, he was a knight of the cross, chivalrous to the last degree,

"His strength being as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure."

In many ways he stood alone in lonely grandeur, and many of us know that 'we shall never see his like again.' Without guile, without reproach, a trusted servant of the Christ, strong and steadfast in the truth, a loyal defender of the faith, a faithful priest of the Church, he was

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Dr. Gardam as the Bishop Knew Him

The Rt. Rev. Charles D. Williams, D. D.
Bishop of Michigan

Dr. Gardam as the Bishop Knew Him

THIS is a remarkable and significant assembly and a unique occasion. This great congregation of men and women, representing the whole Protestant religious population of Ypsilanti, is gathered here to do honor to the memory of a minister and a man. This, in itself, were enough to bear testimony to the deep and abiding impression Dr. Gardam's character and personality have made upon this community, and the value of the service he has rendered during his nineteen years ministry among you, though not a word were spoken. But in addition we have had these simple, sincere and heartfelt tributes to his memory, given by them who knew him best. Every angle and aspect of his personality and his work have been reverently and beautifully set forth in words of affectionate appreciation. We have heard of Dr. Gardam as a scholar, as a citizen, as a fellow minister, as a pastor and as a friend, and I am to speak of him "as the Bishop knew him."

Faithful and serviceable, fine and helpful as he was in all his relations to his own people, parish and community, to which fact such abundant testimony has been given on this occasion, there were certain larger relations in which his life was set. Among these were his relations to the diocese and the church at large. So many clergymen are content to fulfill their duties after a fashion within the narrow limitations of their own parishes, or at most of their own community. Their horizon is bounded by the garden walls surrounding their own little plot in the great vineyard. In consequence of this fact the Bishop, who is commissioned to care for and administer these larger interests of the kingdom, sometimes feels somewhat lonely and unsupported in his task. He is therefore always most gratefully appreciative of the sympathy, sup-



port and service of his brother clergy in this wider field, and such sympathy, support and service were always abundantly given by Dr. Gardam.

The Standing Committee of a diocese is a body co-ordinate with the Bishop in much of the administration of the diocese, and is also his council of advice. For many years Dr. Gardam served most faithfully and efficiently on this committee—for the most of the time as President of the committee. He was neverfailing in his attendance, pains-taking and capable in his discharge of duty, and ever ready with his wise counsel.

He also served the diocese ably and honorably as its representative on various occasions in the great legislative body of the Church at large—the General Convention. He responded willingly and faithfully to every call to service made upon him by the Diocese or the general Church.

As I was coming to this meeting, I was reminded of two things which I already knew—namely, that this is St. Luke's day, and that for the past nineteen years Dr. Gardam has been rector of St. Luke's Church. I was told of one fact which I did not know—namely, that this is Dr. Gardam's birthday. I was struck immediately with the points of contact and sympathy—indeed the remarkable parallelism—between the quality of Dr. Gardam's personality and work and that of the great evangelist. St. Luke may well have been Dr. Gardam's patron saint.

St. Luke was the scholar among the New Testament writers. His Greek and his literary style are the best in the New Testament, save possibly those of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He exhibits everywhere the refinement, the culture and the love of the beautiful, so characteristic of the Greek scholar. Indeed, tradition reports that he was an artist as well as a physician.

Dr. Gardam was known among all his associates as a

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scholar, a man of culture, with a wide and deep "acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said," thoroughly versed in the noblest literature, a diligent and delighted reader of all the best books. His writings and utterances were characterized by a finished and polished literary style, and he was a lover of the beautiful in nature and in art. He possessed fine and discriminating aesthetic and artistic taste and judgment. He was, in the truest sense of the word, "a scholar and a gentleman."

St. Luke was a man of wide, indeed universal sympathies. His (probable) Greek birth and training freed him from the limitations and prejudices of the native-born and narrowly trained Hebrew; and the other writers of the New Testament were all, save possibly one, Hebrews by birth and education. Moreover, St. Luke was a traveller. He accompanied St. Paul on many of his journeys, and possibly his professional practice was that of a ship's doctor or surgeon on the trading routes between Asia Minor and Greece, even perhaps Rome and the West. This gave him a wide acquaintance with the world's life and with peoples of every nation and clime. All this is reflected in the wide humanitarianism of his gospel. It is the gospel of the universals. For instance, it alone gives us the parable of the Good Samaritan—that cosmopolitan parable which breaks down all lines of race and nationality and makes the whole world one in a common humanity. And there are many other such notes of universalism scattered throughout the gospel.

Dr. Gardam was also a cosmopolitan. Born and educated an Englishman, he became a naturalized citizen of the United States. By frequent journeys to the motherland, he kept alive his interests in and sympathies with all that was best in English culture, life, religion, and civilization, and yet he was a thoroughly loyal and patriotic American. His mind and heart knew no limitations of race or nation. With the

Roman poet he could say, "nothing human do I count alien to myself;" or better still, with the Christian Apostle, "There is no longer Greek or barbarian, Roman, Scythian, bond or free—for all are one in Christ Jesus." That spirit breathes through his last message to his people, read over his casket to the great congregation assembled at his funeral.

St. Luke's gospel is everywhere characterized by a peculiar tenderness, gentleness and compassion—a consideration for the weak, the humble and lowly, the unfortunate, the outcasts and ostracized of society. In its pages, women and children are most prominent in their relationships to the Master. It is above all the gospel of the poor. It touches with the tenderness and compassion of the Christ, alike the rich but despised Zacchaeus, the wealthy but branded publican, and the sinners—the very harlots of the streets.

Dr. Gardam's pastoral work was characterized always by this temper of gentleness and tenderness, compassion and sympathy and unwearying patience toward all; and again his last message, as also all his preaching, breathed this same spirit of all-inclusive love and charity.

One word characterizes St. Luke and his gospel. It is the key-note to which both his character and his work are set. That word is grace.

And I should sum up Dr. Gardam's personality in three degrees, so to speak, of that word—its positive, comparative, and superlative.

In learning, in literary style, in aesthetic taste and in manners he was the *graceful* scholar and gentleman.

As pastor and as friend he was *gracious*.

And in spirit, in his inner life, his communion with God, he was *full of grace*.

There are ministries that are loud and noisy, sensational in preaching and practice. They attract much public attention. They sometimes sweep through a parish and a com-

munity like a whirlwind, gathering up, for the time being, all that is loose and unattached. They make, temporarily, a great show and sound. They sweep by and leave nothing behind, save possibly destruction. Nothing is built up and edified—no lasting impression is made.

There are ministries that are quiet and unobtrusive, devoted and faithful, making little show and noise in this world; but they leave behind them lasting results in hearts comforted, minds illumined, wills strengthened, characters edified—and they bequeath to us a legacy of sacred and inspiring memories.

Of such a character was Dr. Gardam's nineteen years work in this parish and community. This gathering and these tributes tonight are a testimony to that fact. God give us grace to cherish this legacy of sacred memories and translate their spiritual values into our own lives, characters and service.

The Vestry

It is with deep sorrow that the Vestry, Communicants and Attendants of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church have to record the death of our beloved rector, Rev. William H. Gardam, who departed this life at Atlantic City on October 1st, 1914.

His pastorate in Ypsilanti and his daily living among us for nearly nineteen years showed him to be a Christian gentleman, more pleased in doing a kindly service than in receiving.

True and faithful to the tenets of his Church and belief, yet so broad in thought and sympathy that he was not content to confine his efforts to his own denomination, he has done much to bring about ultimate unity and friendship among the various Christian bodies.

We shall miss the kindly words of sympathy and comfort from a faithful pastor and devoted, loyal friend. Let us hope that his example of virtuous and upright living may be of enduring benefit, and help us to exemplify his teachings in all our future life.

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be spread upon the records of the Vestry and given to the press.

M. M. READ,
D. L. QUIRK, JR.,
T. L. TOWNER,
Committee.

The Standing Committee.

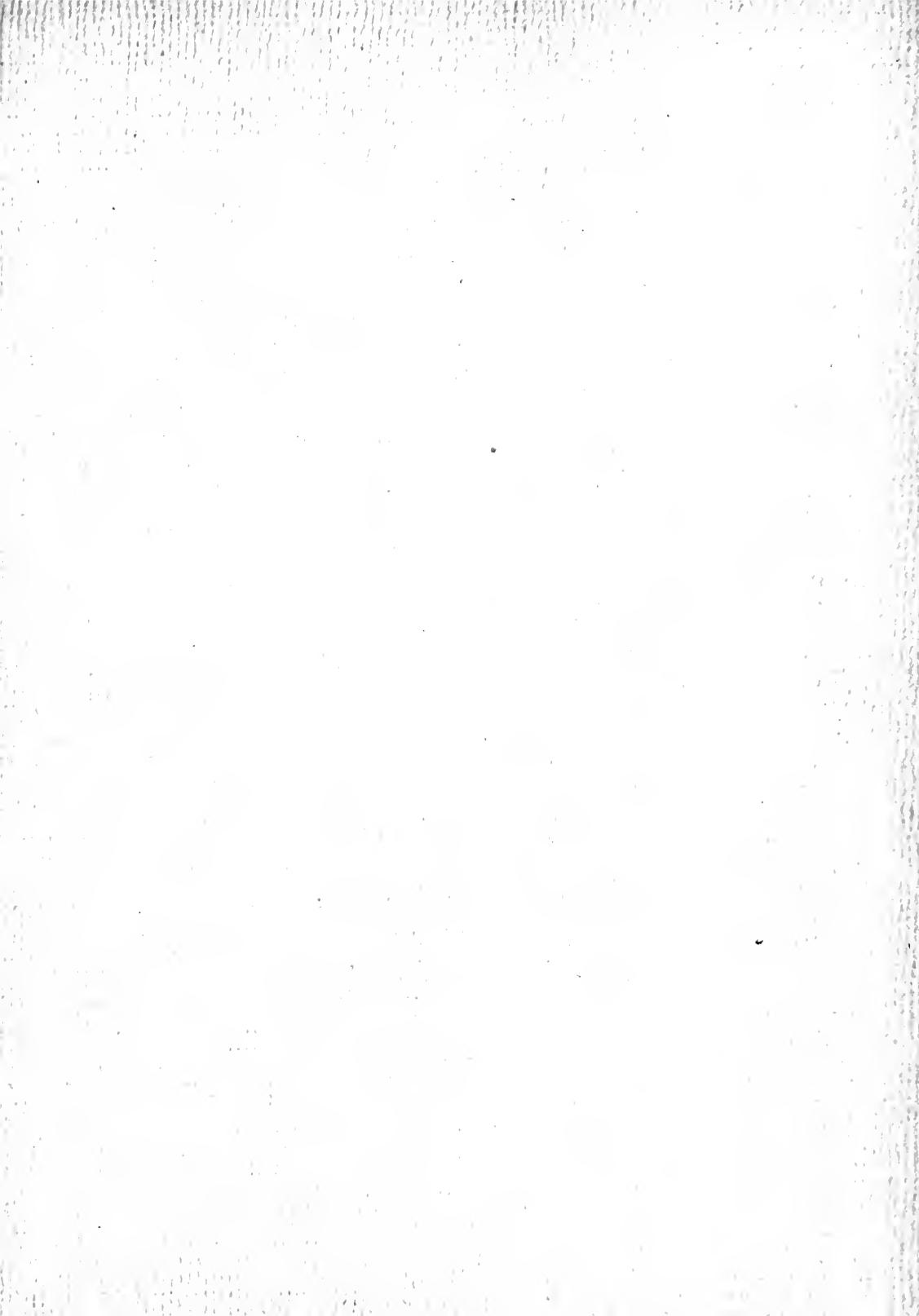
The following minute was adopted and ordered spread upon the records, at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Michigan, held at St. Paul's Cathedral, October 14th, 1914.

The members of the Standing Committee have heard with sorrow and regret, of the death of Dr. Wm. Hothersall Gardam, for sixteen years a member of the Committee, for six years its Secretary, and since 1910, its President.

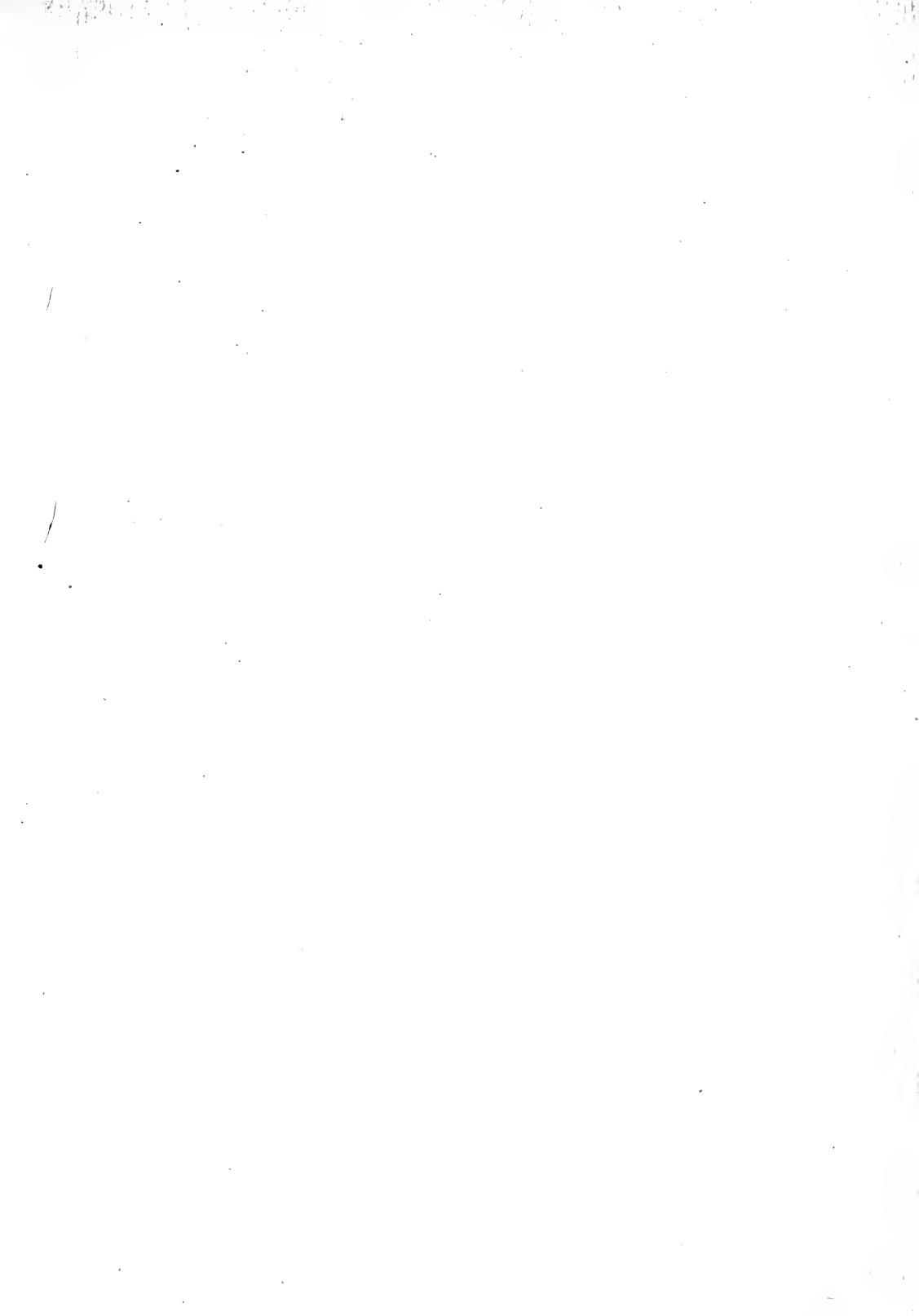
He died in Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 1st, 1914, and was buried at Ypsilanti, Michigan, October 5th. In the death of Dr. Gardam the Standing Committee has lost an efficient officer, the Diocese one of its ablest clergymen, and the parish of St. Luke's, Ypsilanti, a devoted Rector and pastor.

We, of the Committee, would record our appreciation of his capable and efficient discharge of duties as President, and our grateful regard for his character as a Christian clergyman and gentleman; of sound and broad learning, large sympathies, and gracious personality, he commanded our respect, admiration and affection.

W. WARNE WILSON, Secretary.



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